

THE  
COMPLAINT:

OR,

Right-Thoughts

ON

LIFE, DEATH, & IMMORTALITY.

---

*Sunt lacrymæ rerum, & mentium mortalis tangunt. VIRG.*

---



*C. Gould delin.*

*J. Smith sculp.*

LONDON:

Printed for R. DODDLEY, at TULLY'S Head in Pall-mall;

And sold by M. COPPIN, in Peter-street-Lane. 1743.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

THE  
COMPLAIN:

OR

A Treatise

ON

LIFE, DEATH, & IMMORTALITY.

By Isaac Watts, &c. in several parts. VIZ.


Part I. containing the first part. VIZ.



LONDON:

Printed for R. DODD, at Tully's Head in Pall-mall;  
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# P R E F A C E.

*THE OCCASION of this Poem was Real, not Fictitious; for the Method pursued in it, was not that imposed, by what spontaneously arose in the Author's Mind, on that Occasion, than meditated, or designed. Which will appear very probable from the Nature of it. For it differs from the common Mode of Poetry, which is from long Narrations to draw short Morals. Here, on the contrary, the Narrative is short, and the Morality arising from it makes the Bulk of the Poem. The Reason of it is, That the Facts mentioned did naturally pour these moral Reflections on the Thought of the Writer.*

*It is evident from the First Night, where three Deaths are mentioned, that the Plan is not yet completed; for two only of those three have yet been sung.*

*But*

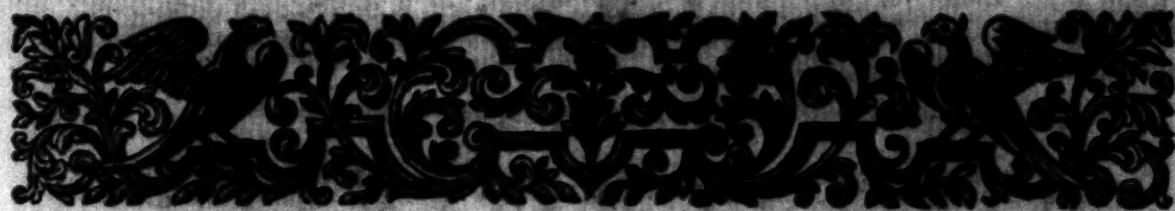
*But since this Fourth Night finishes our principal and important Theme, naturally arising from all Three, viz. the Subduing our Fear of Death, it will be a proper pausing Place for the Reader and the Writer too. And it is uncertain, whether Providence, or Inclination, will permit him to go any farther.*

*I say, Inclination, for This Thing was entered on purely as a Refuge under Uneasiness, when more proper Studies wanted sufficient Relish to detain the Writer's Attention to them. And that Reason (thanks be to Heaven) ceasing, the Writer has no farther Occasion, I shou'd rather say Excuse, for giving in, so much to the Amusements, amid the Duties, of Life.*



**NIGHT**

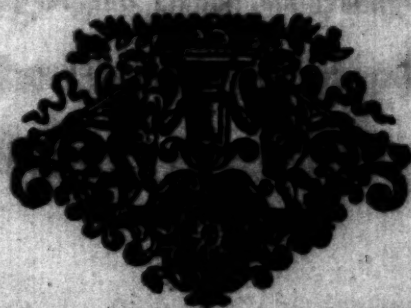


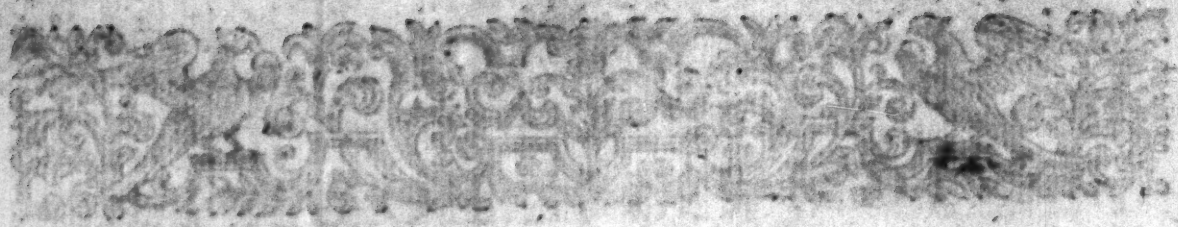


NIGHT THE FOURTH.  
THE  
Christian TRIUMPH.

CONTAINING  
Our only CURE for the FEAR  
of DEATH,  
And Proper SENTIMENTS of HEART on that  
Inestimable Blessing.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED  
To the Honourable Mr. T O R K.





NIGHT THE FOURTH

CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH

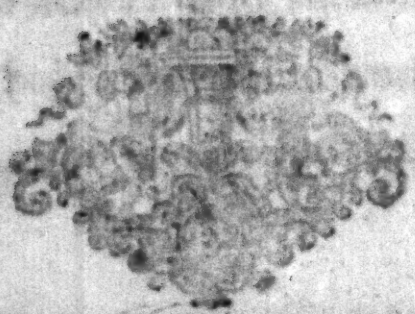
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## NIGHT THE FOURTH.

### The CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.



Much indebted Muse, O *York!* intrudes.

Amid the Smiles of Fortune, and of Youth,

Thine Ear is patient of a serious Song.

How deep implanted in the Breast of Man

The Dread of Death? I sing its sov'reign Cure.

Why start at Death? Where is he? Death arriv'd,

Is past; not come, or gone, He's never *here*.

E'er *Hope*, *Sensation* fails; Black-boding Man

*Receives*, not *suffers* Death's tremendous Blow.

The Knell, the Shroud, the Mattock, and the Grave;

The deep damp Vault, the Darkness, and the Worm;

These are the Bugbears of a Winter's Eve,

The Terrors of the Living, not the Dead.

*Imagination's* Fool, and *Error's* Wretch,

Man

Man makes a Death, which Nature never made;  
 Then on the Point of his own Fancy falls;  
 And feels a thousand Deaths, in fearing one.

But was Death frightful, what has *Age* to fear?  
 If prudent, *Age* should meet the friendly Foe,  
 And shelter in his hospitable Gloom.  
 I scarce can meet a Monument, but holds  
 My Younger; every Date, cries—"Come away."  
 And what recalls me? look the World around,  
 And tell me what: the Wisest cannot tell.  
 Should any born of Woman give his Thought  
 Full range, on just *Dislike's* unbounded Field;  
 Of Things, the Vanity; of Men, the Flaws;  
 Flaws in the *Best*; the Many, Flaw all o'er,  
 As *Leopards* spotted, or as *Æthiops*, dark;  
 Vivacious *Ill*; *Good* dying immature;  
 (How immature, *Narcissa's* Marble tells)  
 And at its Death bequeathing endless Pain;  
 His Heart, tho' bold, would sicken at the Sight,  
 And spend itself in Sighs, for future Scenes.



But grant to Life (and just it is to grant  
 To *lucky* Life) some Perquisites of Joy;  
 A Time there is, when like a thrice-told Tale,  
 And that of no great Moment, or Delight,  
 Long-rifled Life of Sweet can yeild no more,  
 But from our *Comment* on the Comedy,  
 Pleasing *Reflections* on Parts well-sustain'd,  
 Or purpos'd *Emendations* where we fail'd,  
 Or Hopes of Plaudits from our candid Judge,  
 When, on their Exit, Souls are bid unrobe,  
 Toss *Fortune* back her Tinsel, and her Plume,  
 And drop this Mask of Flesh behind the Scene.

With me, that Time is come; my World is dead;  
 A new World rises, and new Manners reign:  
 Foreign Comedians, a spruce Band! arrive,  
 To push me from the Scene, or hiss me there.  
 What a pert Race stars up? the Strangers gaze,  
 And I at them; my Neighbour is unknown;  
 Nor that the worst; ah me! the dire Effect

Of loit'ring here, of Death defrauded long;  
 Of old so gracious, (and let that suffice)  
 My very Master knows me not. ----

Shall I dare say, 'Peculiar is the Fate?  
 I've been so long remember'd, I'm forgot.  
 An Object ever pressing dims the Sight,  
 And hides behind its Ardor to be seen:  
 When in his Courtiers Ears I pour my Complaint,  
 They drink it, as the Nectar of the Great;  
 And squeeze my Hand, and beg me come to-morrow;  
*Refusal!* canst thou wear a smoother Form?

Indulge me, nor conceive, I drop my Theme,  
 Who cheapens Life, abates the *Fear of Death*;  
 Twice-told the Period spent on stubborn *Troy*,  
 Court-Favour, yet untaken, I besiege;  
 Ambition's ill-judg'd Effort to be rich.  
 Alas! Ambition makes my Little, less;  
 Imbittering the Possess'd: Why wish for more?

*Wishing,*



*Wishing*, of all Employments is the worst;  
 Philosophy's Reverse! and Health's Decay!  
 Was I as plump, as stall'd Theology,  
*Wishing* would waste me to this Shade again.  
 Was I as wealthy as a *South-Sea* Dream,  
*Wishing* is an Expedient to be poor.  
*Wishing*, that constant *Hedick* of a Fool;  
 Caught at a Court, purg'd off by purer Air,  
 And simpler Diet; Gifts of rural Life!

Blest be that Hand divine, which gently laid  
 My Heart at rest, beneath this humble Shed.  
 The World's a stately Bark, on dangerous Seas,  
 With Pleasure seen, but boarded at our Peril:  
*Here*, on a single Plank, thrown safe ashore,  
 I hear the Tumult of the distant Throng,  
 As that of Seas remote, or dying Storms,  
 And meditate on Scenes, more silent still;  
 Pursue my Theme, and fight the *Fear of Death*.  
*Here*, like a Shepherd gazing from his Hut,  
 Touching

Touching his Reed, or leaning on his Staff,  
 Eager Ambition's fiery Chace I see ;  
 I see the circling Hunt, of noisy Men,  
 Burst Laws Enclosure, leap the Mounds of Right,  
 Pursuing and pursued, each other's Prey ;  
 As Wolves, for Rapine ; as the Fox, for Wiles ;  
 Till *Death*, that mighty Hunter, earths them all.

Why all this Toil for Triumphs of an Hour ?  
 What, tho' we wade in Wealth, or soar in Fame ?  
 Earth's highest Station ends in "Here he lies",  
 And "Dust to Dust" concludes her noblest Song.  
 If this Song lives, Posterity shall know  
 One, tho' in *Britain* born, with Courtiers bred,  
 Who thought even Gold might come a Day too late ;  
 Nor on his subtle Deathbed plan'd his Scheme  
 For future Vacancies in Church, or State ;  
 Some Avocation deeming it — to die ;  
 Unbit by Rage canine of dying Rich ;  
 Guilt's Blunder ! and the loudest Laugh of Hell.

O my



O my Coëvals! Remnants of yourselves!  
 Poor human Ruins, tott'ring o'er the Grave!  
 Shall we, shall aged Men, like aged Trees,  
 Strike deeper their vile Root, and closer cling,  
 Still more enamour'd of this wretched Soil?  
 Shall our pale, wither'd Hands be still stretch'd out,  
 Trembling, at once, with Eagerness and Age?  
 With Avarice, and Convulsions grasping hard?  
 Grasping at Air! for what has Earth beside?  
 Man wants but Little; nor that Little, long;  
 How soon must he resign his very Dust;  
 Which frugal Nature lent him for An Hour?  
 Years unexperienc'd rush on numerous Ills;  
 And soon as Man, expert from Time, has found  
 The *Key* of Life, it opens the Gates of Death.

When in this Vale of Years I backward look  
 And miss such Numbers, Numbers too of such,  
 Firmer in Health, and greener in their Age,  
 And stricter on their Guard, and fitter far

To play Life's subtle Game, I scarce believe  
 I still survive; and am I fond of Life,  
 Who scarce can think it possible, I live?  
 Alive by Miracle! or, what is next,  
 Alive by *Mead*! If I am still alive,  
 Who long have bury'd what gives Life to live,  
 Firmness of Nerve, and Energy of Thought,  
 Life's Lee is not more *shallow*, than *impure*,  
 And *vapid*; *Sense*, and *Reason* show the Door,  
 Call for my Bier, and point me to the Dust.

O thou great Arbiter of Life and Death!  
 Nature's immortal, immaterial Sun!  
 Whose all-prolific Beam, late call'd me forth  
 From Darkness, teeming Darkness, where I lay  
 The Worms inferior, and, in Rank, beneath  
 The Dust I tread on, high to bear my Brow,  
 To drink the Spirit of the golden Day,  
 And triumph in Existence; and could'st know  
 No Motive, but my Bliss; and hast ordain'd



A Rife in Blessing! with the *Patriarch's* Joy,  
 Thy Call I follow to the Land unknown;  
 I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust;  
 Or Life, or Death, is equal; neither weighs,  
 All Weight in this — O let me live to Thee!  
 Tho' *Nature's* Terrors, *thus*, may be repress'd;  
 Still frowns grim *Death*; Guilt points the Tyrant's Spear,  
 And whence all human Guilt? from *Death* forgot!  
 Ah me! too long I set at nought the Swarm  
 Of friendly Warnings, which around me flew,  
 And smil'd unsmitten: Small my Cause to smile!  
*Death's* Admonitions, like Shafts upwards shot,  
 More dreadful by Delay, the longer e'er  
 They strike our Hearts, the deeper is their Wound.  
 O think how deep, *Lorenzo!* here it stings;  
 Who can appease its Anguish? how it burns?  
 What Hand the barb'd, envenom'd, Thought can draw?  
 What healing Hand can pour the Balm of Peace?  
 And turn my Sight undaunted on the Tomb?

With Joy,—with Grief, that *healing Hand* I see;  
 Ah! too conspicuous! It is fix'd on high?  
 On high?—What means my Frenzy? I blaspheme;  
 Alas! how low? how far beneath the Skies?  
 The Skies it form'd; and now it bleeds for me—  
 But bleeds the Balm I want—yet still it *bleeds*;  
 Draw the dire Steel—Ah no!—the dreadful Blessing  
 What Heart, or can sustain? or dares forego?  
 There hangs all human Hope: That Nail supports  
 Our falling Universe: That gone, we drop;  
 Horror receives us, and the dismal With  
 Creation had been smother'd in her Birth—  
 Darkness His Curtain, and His Bed the Dust;  
 When Stars and Sun are Dust beneath his Throne!  
 In Heaven itself can such Indulgence dwell?  
 O what a Groan was there? A Groan *not His*,  
 He seiz'd our dreadful Right, the Load sustain'd;  
 And heav'd the Mountain from a guilty World.



A thousand Worlds *so* bought, were bought too dear.  
 Sensations *new*, in Angels Bosoms rise ;  
 Suspend their Song ; and make a Pause in Bliss.

O for their Song to reach my lofty Theme!  
 Inspire me *Night* ! with all thy tuneful Spheres !  
 Much rather *Thou* ! who dost those Spheres inspire ;  
 Whilst I with *Seraphs* share seraphic Themes,  
 And show to Men, the Dignity of Man ;  
 Lest I blaspheme my Subject with my Song.  
 Shall *Pagan* Pages glow celestial Flame,  
 And *Christian*, languish ? On our Hearts, not Heads,  
 Falls the foul Infamy : My Heart ! awake,  
 What can awake thee, unawak'd by *this*,  
 “ Expended Deity on human Weal.”  
 Feel the *great Truths*, which burst the tenfold Night  
 Of *Heathen* Error, with a golden Flood  
 Of endless Day : To feel, is to be fired ;  
 And to believe, *Lorenzo* ! is to feel.

Thou

Thou most indulgent, most tremendous Power! A  
 Still more tremendous, for thy wondrous Love!  
 That arms, with Awe more awful, thy Commands;  
 And foul Transgression dips in sevenfold Night.  
 How our Hearts tremble at thy Love immense?  
 In Love immense, inviolably Just!  
 Thou, rather than thy *Justice* shou'd be stain'd,  
 Didst stain the *Cross*; and Work of Wonders, far  
 The greatest, that thy Dearest far, might bleed.

Bold Thought! shall I dare speak it? or repress?  
 Shou'd Man more execrate, or boast, the Guilt,  
 Which rous'd such Vengeance? which such Love inflam'd?  
 O'er Guilt, (how mountainous?) with outstretcht Arms,  
 Stern *Justice*, and soft-smiling *Love*, embrace,  
 Supporting, in full Majesty, thy Throne,  
 When seem'd its Majesty to need Support,  
 Or *That*, or *Man* inevitably lost?  
 What, but the Fathomless of Thought divine,  
 Cou'd labour such Expedient from Despair,

And



And rescue both? Both rescue! Both exalt!  
 O how are both exalted by the *Deed*?  
 The wond'rous Deed! or shall I call it more?  
 A Wonder in Omnipotence itself!  
 A Mystery, no less to Gods than Men!

Not, *thus*, our Infidels th'*Eternal* draw,  
 A God all o'er, consummate, absolute,  
 Full-Orb'd, in his whole Round of Rays compleat:  
 They set at odds Heaven's jarring Attributes;  
 And, with one Excellence, another wound;  
 Maim Heaven's Perfection, break it's equal Beams,  
 Bid *Mercy* triumph over—God himself,  
 Undeify'd by their opprobrious Praise:  
 A God *All* Mercy, is a God unjust.

Ye brainless Wits! ye baptiz'd Infidels!  
 Ye worse for mending! wash'd to fouler Stains!  
 The Ransom was paid down; the Fund of Heaven,  
 Heaven's inexhaustible, exhausted Fund;

Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the Price,  
 All Price beyond : Tho' curious to compute,  
 Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty Sum :  
 Its Value vast ungraspt by Minds *Create*,  
 For ever hides, and glows, in the *Supreme*.

And was the Ransom paid ? It was : and paid  
 (What can exalt the Bounty more ?) for *You*.  
 The Sun beheld it—No, the flocking Scene  
 Drove back his Chariot ; *Midnight* veil'd his Face ;  
 Not such as *This* ; not such as Nature makes ;  
 A *Midnight*, Nature shudder'd to behold ;  
 A *Midnight* new ! a dread Eclipse (without  
 Opposing Spheres) from her Creator's Frown !  
*Sun* ! did'st thou fly thy Maker's Pain ? or start  
 At that enormous Load of human Guilt,  
 Which bow'd his blessed Head ; o'erwhelm'd his Cross ;  
 Made groan the Center ; burst Earth's marble Womb,  
 With Pangs, strange Pangs ! deliver'd of her Dead :  
 Hell howl'd ; and Heav'n that Hour let fall a Tear ;  
 Heav'n



Heav'n wept, that Men might smile! Heav'n bled, that  
Might never die! — [Man

And is Devotion Virtue? 'Tis *compell'd*;  
What Heart of Stone, but glows at Thoughts, <sup>[These ?]</sup> like  
Such Contemplations mount us; and shou'd mount  
The Mind still higher; nor ever glance on Man,  
Unraptur'd, uninflam'd.—Where rowl my Thoughts  
To rest from Wonders? Other Wonders rise,  
And strike where'er they rowl: My Soul is caught;  
Heav'n's sovereign Blessings clust'ring from the Cross,  
Rush on her, in a Throng, and close her round,  
The Prisoner of Amaze! — In His blest *Life*,  
I see the *Path*, and in his *Death*, the *Price*,  
And in his great *Ascent*, the *Proof* Supreme  
Of Immortality. — And did he rise?  
Hear, O ye Nations! hear it, O ye Dead!  
He rose! he rose! he burst the Bars of Death.  
Lift up your Heads, ye everlasting Gates!  
And give the King of Glory to come in:

Who is the King of Glory? He who left  
His Throne of Glory, for the Pang of Death :

Lift up your Heads, ye everlasting Gates!

And give the King of Glory to come in.

Who is the King of Glory? He who slew

The ravenous Foe, that gorg'd all human Race!

The King of Glory, He, whose Glory fill'd

Heaven with Amazement at his Love to Man;

And with Divine Complacency beheld

*Powers* most illumin'd wilder'd in the Theme.

The Theme, the Joy, how then shall *Man* sustain?

Oh the burst Gates! crush'd Sting! demolish'd Throne!

Last Gasp! of vanquish'd Death. Shout Earth and

This *Sum of Good*, to Man: Whose Nature, then, <sup>[Heaven!]</sup>

Took Wing, and mounted with Him from the Tomb?

Then, then, I rose; then first Humanity

Triumphant past the Crystal Ports of Light,

(Stupendous Guest!) and seiz'd eternal Youth,

Seiz'd in our Name. E'er since, 'tis blasphemous

To



To call Man mortal. Man's Mortality  
 Was, then, transfer'd to Death; and Heaven's Duration  
 Unalienably seal'd to this frail Frame,  
 This Child of Dust.—Man, all-immortal! Hail;  
 Hail, Heaven! all-lavish of strange Gifts to Man!  
 Thine all the Glory; Man's the boundless Bliss.

Where am I rapt by this triumphant Theme,  
 On Christian Joy's exulting wing, above  
 Th' *Aonian* Mount?—Alas small Cause for Joy!  
 What if to Pain, immortal? If Extent  
 Of Being, to preclude a Close of Woe?  
 Where, then, my boast of Immortality?  
 I boast it still, tho' cover'd o'er with Guilt;  
 For Guilt, not Innocence, His Life He pour'd;  
 'Tis Guilt alone can justify His Death;  
 Nor that, unless His Death can justify  
 Relenting Guilt in Heaven's indulgent Sight.  
 If sick of Folly, I relent; He writes  
 My Name in Heaven, with that inverted Spear

(A Spear deep-dipt in Blood!) which pierc'd his Side,  
 And open'd there a Font for all Mankind  
 Who strive, who combat Crimes, to drink, and live :  
*This, only this* subdues the *Fear of Death.*

And what is *This*? -- Survey the wond'rous Cure:  
 And at each Step, let higher Wonder rise!

" Pardon for infinite Offence! and Pardon

" Thro' Means, that speak its Value infinite!

" A Pardon bought with Blood! with Blood Divine!

" With Blood Divine of Him, I made my Foe!

" Persisted to provoke! tho' woo'd, and aw'd,

" Blest, and chastiz'd, a flagrant Rebel still!

" A Rebel 'midst the Thunders of his Throne!

" Nor I alone! a Rebel Universe!

" My Species up in Arms! not One exempt!

" Yet for the foulest of the Foul, He dies.

" Most joy'd, for the Redeem'd from deepest Guilt!

" As if our Race was held of highest Rank ;

" And Godhead dearer, as more kind to Man!"



Bound every Heart ! and every Bosom burn !  
 Oh what a Scale of Miracles is here !  
 Its lowest Round, high-planted on the Skies ;  
 Its tow'ring Summit lost beyond the Thought  
 Of Man, or Angel : Oh that I could climb  
 The wonderful Ascent, with equal Praise !  
*Praise !* flow for ever, (if Astonishment  
 Will give thee Leave) my Praise ! for ever flow ;  
 Praise Ardent, Cordial, Constant, to High Heaven  
 More fragrant, than *Arabia* sacrific'd ;  
 And all her spicy Mountains, in a flame.

So dear, so due to heaven, shall *Praise* descend  
 With her soft Plume, (from plausive Angels wing  
 First pluck'd by Man) to tickle mortal Ears,  
 Thus diving in the Pockets of the Great ?  
 Is *Praise* the Perquisite of every Paw,  
 Tho' black as Hell, that grapples well for Gold ?  
 Oh love of Gold ! thou meanest of Amours !  
 Shall *Praise* her Odours waste, on *Virtue's* dead,  
 Embalm

Embalm the Base, perfume the Stench of Guilt,  
 Earn dirty Bread, by washing Æthiops fair,  
 Removing Filth, or sinking it from sight,  
 A Scavenger in Scenes, where vacant Posts,  
 Like Gibbets yet untenanted, expect  
 Their future Ornaments? From Courts, and Thrones,  
 Return, apostate *Praise*! Thou Vagabond!  
 Thou Prostitute! to thy first Love return,  
 Thy first, thy greatest, once, unrivall'd Theme.

There flow redundant; like *Meander* flow,  
 Back to thy Fountain; to that parent Power,  
 Who gives the Tongue to sound, the Thought to soar,  
 The Soul to *Be*. Men homage pay to Men,  
 Thoughtless beneath whose dreadful Eye they bow  
 In mutual Awe profound, of Clay to Clay,  
 Of Guilt to Guilt, and turn their Backs on Thee,  
 Great Sire! whom Thrones celestial ceaseless sing;  
 To prostrate Angels, an amazing Scene!  
 Oh the Presumption, of Man's Awe for Man!  
 Man's Author! End! Restorer! Law! and Judge!



Thine, All; Day thine, and thine this gloom of *Night*,  
 With all her Wealth, with all her radiant Worlds:  
 What, Night eternal, but a Frown from Thee?  
 What, Heaven's meridian Glory, but Thy Smile?  
 And shall not *Praise* be Thine? not Human Praise?  
 While Heaven's high Host on *Hallelujahs* live?

Oh may I breath, no longer, than I breath  
 My Soul in praise to him, who gave my Soul,  
 And all her Infinite of Prospect fair,  
 Cut thro' the Shades of Hell, great Love! by Thee  
 Oh most adorable! most unador'd!  
 Where shall that Praise begin, which ne'er should end?  
 Where'er I turn, what Claim on all Applause?  
 How is *Night's* sable Mantle labour'd o'er,  
 How richly wrought, with Attributes divine? [Pomp,  
 What *Wisdom* shines? what *Love*? This midnight  
 This gorgeous Arch, with golden Worlds inlay'd;  
 Built with divine Ambition! nought to Thee;  
 For Others this Profusion: Thou, apart,  
 Above, Beyond! oh tell me, mighty Mind!

Where art thou ? shall I dive into the *Deep* A  
 Call to the *Sun*, or ask the roaring *Winds*,  
 For their Creator ? shall I question loud  
 The *Thunder*, if in that th' Almighty dwells ?  
 Or holds He furious *Storms* in freighten'd Reins,  
 And bids fierce *Whirlwinds* wheel his rapid Carr ?

What mean these Questions ?—trembling I retract;  
 My prostrate Soul adores the *present* God ;  
 Praise I a distant Deity ? He tunes  
 My Voice (if tun'd ;) the Nerve, that writes, sustains ;  
 Wrap'd in his Being, I resound his Praise :  
 But tho' past *All* diffus'd, without a Shore,  
 His Essence ; *local* is His Throne, (as meet)  
 To gather the Dispers'd (as Standards call  
 The Lifted from afar) to fix a Point,  
 A central Point, collective of his Sons,  
 Since finite, ev'ry Nature, but his own.

The nameless *He*, whose Nod is *Nature's* Birth ;  
 And *Nature's* Shield, the Shadow of his Hand ;



Her Dissolution, his suspended Smile;  
 The great *First-Last*! pavilion'd high he sits  
 In Darkness, from excessive Splendor, born,  
 By Gods unseen, unless, through Lustre lost,  
 His Glory, to created Glory, bright,  
 As that, to central Horrors; He looks down  
 On All that soars; and spans Immensity.

Tho' *Night* unnumber'd Worlds unfolds to view,  
 Boundless Creation! what art thou? a Beam,  
 A meer Effluvium of his Majesty;  
 And shall an Atom of this Atom-World,  
 Mutter in Dust, and Sin, the Theme of Heaven?  
 Down to the Center shou'd I send my Thought,  
 Thro' Beds of glittering Ore, and glowing Gems,  
 Their beggar'd Blaze, wants Lustre for my Lay;  
 Goes out in Darkness: If, on tow'ring Wing,  
 I send it thro' the boundless Vault of Stars;  
 The Stars, tho' rich, what Dross their Gold to *Thee*,  
 Great! Good! Wise! Wonderful! Eternal King?

E

If

If to those *conscious Stars* thy Throne around,  
 Praise ever-pouring, and imbibing Bliss,  
 And ask their Strain; They want it, more they want;  
 Poor, their Abundance, humble their Sublime,  
 Languid their Energy, their Ardour cold,  
 Indebted still, their highest Rapture burns;  
 Short of its Mark, Defective, tho' Divine.

Still more—This Theme is Man's, & Man's alone;  
 Their vast Appointments reach it not; They see  
 On Earth a Bounty, not indulg'd on high;  
 And downward look for Heaven's superior Praise!  
 First-born of Æther! high in Fields of Light!  
 View Man, to see the Glory of your God!  
 Cou'd Angels envy, they had envy'd here;  
 And some did envy; and the rest, tho' Gods,  
 Yet still Gods *unredeem'd*, (there triumphs Man,  
 Tempted to weigh the Dust against the Skies)  
 They less wou'd feel, tho' more adorn, my Theme.  
 They sung *Creation*, (for in that they shar'd)  
 How rose in Melody, the Child of Love?



*Creation's* great Superiour, Man ! is thine ;  
 Thine is *Redemption* ; They just gave the Key,  
 'Tis thine to raise, and eternize, the Song ;  
 Tho' human, yet divine ; for shou'd not this  
 Raise Man o'er Man, and kindle Seraphs *here* ?  
*Redemption* ! 'twas Creation more Sublime,  
*Redemption* ! 'twas the Labour of the Skies ;  
 Far more than Labour---It was Death in Heaven.  
 A Truth so strange ! 'twere bold to think it true ;  
 If not far bolder still, to disbelieve.

*Here* pause, and ponder : Was there Death in Heaven ?  
 What then on Earth ? On Earth which struck the Blow ?  
 Who struck it ? Who ? --- O how is Man enlarg'd  
 Seen thro' this Medium ? How the Pigmy tow'rs ?  
 How counterpois'd his Origin from Dust ?  
 How counterpois'd, to Dust his sad Return ?  
 How voided his vast Distance from the Skies ?  
 How near he presses on the Seraph's Wing ?  
 Which is the Seraph ? Which the Born of Clay ?

How This demonstrates, thro' the thickest Cloud  
 Of Guilt, and Clay condens'd, the Son of Heaven?  
 The double Son; the Made, and the Re-made;  
 And shall Heaven's double Property be lost?  
 Man's double Madness only can destroy.  
 To Man the bleeding Cross has promis'd all;  
 The bleeding Cross has sworn eternal Grace;  
 Who gave his Life, what Grace shall He deny?  
 O ye! who from this *Rock of Ages*, leap  
 Disdainful, plunging headlong in the Deep!  
 What cordial Joy, what Consolation strong  
 Whatever Winds arise, or Billows rowl,  
 Our Interest in the Master of the Storm?  
 Cling there, and in wreck'd Nature's Ruins smile;  
 While vile Apostates tremble in a Calm.

Man! Know thyself; all Wisdom centers there:  
 To none Man seems ignoble, but to Man;  
 Angels that Grandeur, Men o'erlook, admire:  
 How long shall Human Nature be Their Book,



Degenerate Mortal! and unread by Thee?  
 The Beam dim Reason sheds shows Wonders There;  
 What High Contents? Illustrious Faculties?  
 But the grand *Comment*, which displays at full  
 Our human Height, scarce sever'd from Divine,  
 By Heaven compos'd, was publish'd on the *Cross*!

Who looks on that, and sees not in himself  
 An awful Stranger, a Terrestrial God?  
 A glorious Partner with the Deity  
 In that high Attribute, immortal Life!  
 If a God bleeds, he bleeds not for a Worm:  
 I gaze, and as I gaze, my mounting Soul  
 Catches strange Fire, Eternity! at thee,  
 And drops the World --- or rather, more enjoys:  
 How chang'd the Face of Nature? how improv'd?  
 What seem'd a Chaos, shines a glorious World,  
 Or, what a World, an *Eden*; heighten'd all!  
 It is another Scene! another Self!  
 And still another, as Time rolls along,

And

And that a *Self* far more illustrious still,  
 Beyond long Ages, yet roll'd up in Shades,  
 Unpierc'd by bold Conjecture's keenest Ray,  
 What Evolutions of surprizing Fate?  
 How Nature opens, and receives my Soul  
 In boundless Walks of raptur'd Thought? Where Gods  
 Encounter, and embrace me! What new Births  
 Of strange Adventure, foreign to the Sun,  
 Where what now charms, perhaps, whate'er exists,  
 Old *Time*, and fair *Creation*, are forgot?

Is this extravagant? of Man we form  
 Extravagant Conception; to be just:  
 Conception unconfin'd wants Wing to reach him:  
 Beyond its reach, the Godhead only, more.  
*He*, the great Father! kindled at one Flame  
 The World of Rationals; one Spirit pour'd  
 From Spirits awful Fountain; pour'd Himself  
 Thro' all their Souls; but not in equal Stream,  
 Profuse, or frugal of th' inspiring God,  
 As his wise Plan demanded; and when past



Their various Trials, in their various Spheres,  
 If they continue rational, as made,  
 Resorbs them all into Himself again;  
 His Throne their Center, and his Smile their Crown.

Why doubt we, then, the glorious Truth to sing,  
 Tho' yet unsung, as deem'd perhaps too bold?  
 Angels are Men of a superiour Kind;  
 Angels are Men in lighter Habit clad,  
 High o'er celestial Mountains wing'd in Flight;  
 And Men are Angels, loaded for an Hour,  
 Who wade this miry Vale, and climb with Pain,  
 And slippery Step, the Bottom of the Steep:  
 Angels their Failings, Mortals have their Praise;  
 While *Here* of Corps Etherial, such enroll'd,  
 And summon'd to the Glorious Standard soon,  
 Which flames eternal Crimson thro' the Skies.  
 Nor are our *Brothers* thoughtless of their Kin,  
 Yet absent; but not absent from their Love.  
*Michael* has fought our Battles; *Raphael* sung  
 Our Triumphs; *Gabriel* on our Errands flown;

Sent by the *Sovereign* : And are these, O Man! Thy Friends, thy warm Allies? and Thou (Shame burn The Cheek to Cynder) Rival to the Brute?

*Religion's* All. Descending from the Skies  
To wretched Man, the Goddess in her Left  
Holds out *this* World, and in her Right, the *next*;  
*Religion* ! the sole Voucher Man is Man;  
Supporter sole of Man above himself;  
Even in this Night of Frailty, Change, and Death,  
She gives the Soul a Soul that acts a God.  
*Religion* ! Providence ! an After-State !  
*Here* is firm Footing ; here is solid Rock ;  
This can support us ; all is Sea besides,  
Sinks under us ; bestorms, and then devours.  
His Hand the good Man fastens on the Skies,  
And bids Earth rowl, nor feels her idle Whirl.

As when a Wretch, from thick, polluted Air,  
Darkness, and Stench, and suffocating Damps,



And Dungeon Horrors, by kind Fate, discharg'd,  
 Climbs some fair Eminence, where Ether pure  
 Surrounds him, and Elysian Prospects rise,  
 His Heart exults, his Spirits cast their Load,  
 As if new-born, he triumphs in the Change;  
 So joys the Soul, when from inglorious Aims,  
 And sordid Sweets, from Feculence and Froth  
 Of Ties terrestrial, set at large, she mounts,  
 To Reason's Region, her own Element,  
 Breaths Hopes immortal, and affects the Skies.

Religion! thou the Soul of Happiness;  
 And groaning *Calvary*, of thee! *There* shine  
 The noblest Truths; *there* strongest Motives sting!  
 There, sacred Violence assaults the Soul;  
 There, nothing but *Compulsion* is forborn.  
 Can Love allure us? or can Terror awe?  
*He* weeps! — the falling Drop puts out the Sun;  
*He* sighs! — the Sigh Earth's deep Foundation shakes.  
 If, in his Love, so terrible, what then

His Wrath inflam'd! his Tenderness on Fire;  
 Like soft, smooth Oyl, outblazing other Fires;  
 Can Prayer, can Praise avert it?—Thou, my *All*!  
 My Theme! my Inspiration! and my Crown!  
 My Strength in Age! my Rise in low Estate!  
 My Soul's Ambition, Pleasure, Wealth!—my World!  
 My Light in Darkness! and my Life in Death!  
 My Boast thro' Time! Bliss thro' Eternity!  
 Eternity, too short to speak thy Praise!  
 Or fathom thy Profound of Love to Man!  
 To Man, of Men the meanest, even to me;  
 My Sacrifice! my God! --- what things are These!

What then art Thou? by what Name shall I call Thee?  
 Knew I the Name devout Arch-angels use,  
 Devout Arch-angels shou'd the Name enjoy,  
 By me unrival'd; Thousands more sublime,  
 None half so dear, as that, which tho' unspoke,  
 Still glows at Heart; O how Omnipotence  
 Is lost in Love? Thou great *Philanthropist*!



Father of Angels! but the Friend of Man!  
 Like *Jacob*, fondest of the younger born!  
 Thou, who didst save him, snatch the smoking Brand  
 From out the Flames, and quench it in thy Blood!  
 How art Thou pleas'd, by Bounty to distress?  
 To make us groan beneath our Gratitude,  
 Too big for Birth? to favour, and confound?  
 To challenge, and to distance, all Return?  
 Of lavish Love stupendous Heights to soar,  
 And leave Praise panting in the distant Vale?  
 Thy Right too great defrauds Thee of Thy Due;  
 And sacrilegious our sublimest Song.  
 But since the naked *Will* obtains thy Smile,  
 Beneath this Monument of Praise *unpaid*,  
 And future Life symphonious to my Strain,  
 (That noblest Hymn to Heaven!) for ever lye  
 Intomb'd my *Fear of Death!* and every Fear,  
 The Dread of every Evil, but thy Frown.

Whom see I yonder, so demurely smile?

Laughter

Laughter a Labour, and might break their rest.  
 Ye Quietists, in Homage to the Skies!  
 Serene! of soft Address! who mildly make  
 An unobtrusive Tender of your Hearts,  
 Abhorring Violence! who *halt* indeed  
 But for the Blessing, *wrestle* not with Heaven!  
 Think you my Song, too turbulent? too warm?  
 Are *Passions*, then, the Pagans of the Soul?  
 Reason alone baptiz'd? alone *ordain'd*  
 To touch Things sacred? Oh for warmer still!  
 Guilt chills my Zeal, and Age benumbs my Pow'rs;  
 Oh for an humbler Heart, and prouder Song!  
 Thou, my much injur'd Theme! with that soft Eye  
 Which melted o'er doom'd *Salem*, deign to look  
 Compassion to the Coldness of my Breast,  
 And Pardon to the Winter in my Strain.

Oh ye cold-hearted, frozen, Formalists!  
 On such a Theme, 'tis impious to be calm;  
 Passion is Reason, Transport Temper *here*;  
 Laughter

Shall



Shall Heaven which gave us Ardor, and has shewn  
 Her own for Man so strongly, not disdain  
 What smooth Emollients in Theology,  
 Recumbent Virtue's downy Doctors preach,  
 That Prose of Piety, a lukewarm Praise?  
 Rife Odours sweet from Incense uninflam'd?  
 Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout;  
 But when it glows, its Heat is struck to Heaven;  
 To human Hearts her golden Harps are strung;  
 High Heaven's *Orchestra* chaunts *Amen* to Man.

Hear I, or dream I hear, Their distant Strain,  
 Sweet to the Soul, and tasting strong of Heaven,  
 Soft-wafted on celestial *Pity's* Plume,  
 Thro' the vast Spaces of the Universe,  
 To cheer me, in this melancholy Gloom?  
 Oh when will *Death*, (now stingless) like a Friend,  
 Admit me of their Choin? Oh when will *Death*,  
 This mould'ring, old, Partition-Wall thrown down,  
 Give Beings, one in Nature, one Abode.

Oh Death divine! that gives us to the Skies.  
 Great *Future!* glorious Patron of the *Past*,  
 And *Present!* when shall I thy Shrine adore?  
 From Nature's *Continent*, immensely wide,  
 Immensely blest, this little *Isle of Life*,  
 This dark, incarcerating *Colony*,  
 Divides us. Happy Day! that breaks our Chain;  
 That manumits; that calls from Exile home;  
 That leads to Nature's great *Metropolis*,  
 And re-admits us, thro' the guardian Hand  
 Of elder Brothers, to our Father's Throne;  
 Who hears our Advocate, and thro' his Wounds  
 Beholding Man, allows *that* tender Name.  
 'Tis this makes *Christian Triumph*, a Command:  
 'Tis this makes Joy a *Duty* to the Wife;  
 'Tis impious, in a good Man, to be sad.  
 Seest thou *Lorenzo!* where hangs all our Hope?  
 Touch'd by the *Cross* we live; or, *more* than die;  
 That *Touch* which touch'd not Angels; more divine  
 Than



Than that, which touch'd Confusion into Form,  
 And Darkneſs into Glory; Partial *Touch*!  
 Ineffably pre-eminent Regard!

Sacred to Man, and Sovereign thro' the whole  
 Long golden Chain of Miracles, which hangs  
 From Heaven thro' all Duration, and ſupports  
 In one illuſtrious, and amazing Plan,  
 Thy Welfare, *Nature*! and thy God's Renown;  
*That Touch*, with charm celestial, heals the Soul  
 Diſeaſ'd, drives Pain from Guilt, Lights Life in Death,  
 Turns Earth to Heaven, to heavenly Thrones transforms  
 The ghastly Ruins of the mould'ring Tomb.

Do'ſt ask me when? when *He* who dy'd returns;  
 Returns, how chang'd? where then the man of Woe?  
 In Glory's terrors all the Godhead burns;  
 And all his Courts exhausted by the Tide  
 Of Deities triumphant in his Train,  
 Leave a ſtupendous Solitude in Heaven;  
 Replenish'd ſoon; replenish'd with encrease

Of Pomp, and Multitude; a radiant Band  
Of Angels new; of Angels from the Tomb.

Is this by Fancy thrown remote? and rise  
Dark Doubts between the Promise, and Event,  
I send thee not to Volumes for thy Cure;  
Read Nature; Nature is a Friend to Truth;  
Nature is Christian, preaches to Mankind;  
And bids dead matter aid us in our Creed.  
Hast thou ne'er seen the Comet's flaming Flight?  
Th' illustrious Stranger passing, Terror sheds  
On gazing Nations, from his fiery Train  
Of length enormous; takes his ample Round  
Thro' Depths of Ether; coasts unnumber'd Worlds,  
Of more than solar Glory; doubles wide  
Heaven's mighty Cape, and then revisits Earth,  
From the long Travel of a thousand Years.  
Thus, at the destin'd Period, shall return  
*He*, once on Earth, who bids the Comet blaze;  
And with Him all our Triumph o'er the Tomb.

*Nature*



*Nature* is dumb on this important Point ;  
 Or Hope precarious in low Whisper breaths :  
*Faith* speaks aloud, distinct ; even *Adders* hear,  
 But turn, and dart into the Dark again.  
*Faith* builds a Bridge across the Gulph of Death,  
 To break the Shock blind *Nature* cannot shun,  
 And lands Thought smoothly on the farther Shore.  
 Death's Terror is the Mountain *Faith* removes ;  
 That Mountain Barrier between Man and Peace.  
 'Tis *Faith* disarms Destruction ; and absolves  
 From every clamorous Charge, the guiltless Tomb.

Why disbelieve ? *Lorenzo* ! --- "*Reason* bids,  
 " All-sacred *Reason*." --- Hold her sacred still ;  
 Nor shalt Thou want a Rival in thy Flame :  
 All-sacred *Reason* ! Source, and Soul, of all  
 Demanding Praise, on Earth, or Earth above !  
 My Heart is Thine : Deep in its inmost Folds,  
 Live Thou with Life ; live dearer of the Two.  
 Wear I the blessed Cross, by Fortune Stamp'd

On passive Nature, before Thought was born?  
 My Birth's blind Bigot! fir'd with *local* Zeal!  
 No; *Reason* rebaptiz'd me when adult;  
 Weighed True and False in her impartial Scale;  
 My Heart became the Convert of my Head;  
 And made that Choice, which once was but my Fate.  
 "On Argument alone my Faith is built:"  
*Reason* pursu'd is *Faith*; and unpursu'd  
 Where Proof invites, 'tis Reason, then, no more:  
 And such our *Proof*, that, or our *Faith* is right,  
 Or *Reason* lies, and Heaven design'd it *wrong*:  
 Absolve we This? What, then, is Blasphemy?

Fond as we are, and justly fond of *Faith*,  
*Reason*, we grant, demands our First Regard,  
 The Mother honour'd, as the Daughter dear;  
*Reason* the Root, fair *Faith* is but the Flow'r;  
 The fading Flower shall die; But *Reason* lives  
 Immortal, as her Father in the Skies.  
 When *Faith* is Virtue, *Reason* makes it so.



Wrong not the Christian, think not Reason *yours*;  
 'Tis Reason our great Master holds so dear;  
 'Tis Reason's injur'd Rights His Wrath resents;  
 'Tis Reason's Voice obey'd His Glories crown;  
 To give lost Reason Life, He pour'd his own:  
 Believe, and show the Reason of a Man;  
 Believe, and taste the Pleasure of a God;  
 Believe, and look with Triumph on the Tomb:  
 Thro' Reason's Wounds alone, thy Faith can die;  
 Which dying, tenfold Terror gives to Death,  
 And dips in *Venom* his twice-mortal Sting.

Learn hence what Honours, what loud *Peans* due  
 To those, who push our *Antidote* aside;  
 Those boasted Friends to Reason, and to Man,  
 Whose fatal Love stabs every Joy, and leaves  
 Death's Terror heighten'd gnawing on his Heart:  
 These pompous Sons of Reason Idoliz'd,  
 And Vilify'd at once; of Reason dead,  
 Then Deify'd, as Monarchs were of old,

What

What Conduct plants proud Laurels on their Brow?  
 While *Love of Truth* thro' all their Camp resounds,  
 They draw *Pride's* Curtain o'er the Noon-tide Ray,  
 Spike up their Inch of Reason, on the Point  
 Of Philosophic Wit, call'd Argument,  
 And then exulting in their Taper, cry,  
 "Behold the Sun:" And *Indian-like*, adore.

Talk they of *Morals*? O thou bleeding Love!  
 Thou Maker of *new* Morals to Mankind!  
 The grand Morality is Love of Thee.  
 As wise as *Socrates*, if such they were,  
 (Nor will they bate of that sublime Renown)  
 As wise as *Socrates*, might justly stand  
 The Definition of a modern Fool:  
*Christian* is the highest Stile of Man.  
 And is there, who the blessed Cross wipes off  
 As a foul Blot, from his dishonour'd Brow?  
 If Angels tremble, 'tis at such a Sight:  
 The Wretch they quit, desponding of their Charge,  
 More struck with Grief or Wonder, who can tell?



Ye sold to Sense I ye Citizens of Earth  
 (For such alone the Christian Banner fly)  
 Know ye how wise your Choice, how great your Gain?  
 Behold the Picture of Earth's happiest Man:  
 " He calls his Wife, it comes; he sends it back,  
 " And says, he call'd another; That arrives,  
 " Meets the same Welcome; yet he still calls on;  
 " Till One calls Him, who varies not his Call,  
 " But holds him fast, in Chains of Darkness bound,  
 " Till Nature dies, and Judgment sets Him free;  
 " A Freedom, far less welcome than his Chain."

But grant Man Happy; grant him Happy long;  
 Add to Life's highest Prize her latest Hour;  
 That Hour so late, is nimble in Approach,  
 That, like a Post, comes on in full Career;  
 How swift the Shuttle flies, that weaves thy Shroud?  
 Where is the Fable of thy former Years?  
 Thrown down the Gulph of Time; as far from Thee  
 As they had ne'er been Thine; the Day in Hand,  
 Like

Like a Bird struggling to get loose, is going;  
 Scarce now possess'd, so suddenly 'tis gone;  
 And each swift Moment fled, is Death advanc'd  
 By Strides as swift : Eternity is All,  
 And whose Eternity? Who triumphs there?  
 Bathing for ever in the Font of Bliss!  
 For ever basking in the Deity!  
*Lorenzo!* who? — Thy Conscience shall reply.

O give it Leave to speak ; 'twill speak ere long,  
 Thy Leave unaskt : *Lorenzo!* hear it now,  
 While useful its Advice, its Accent mild.  
 By the great Edict, by divine Decree,  
*Truth* is deposited with Man's *last Hour*;  
 An honest Hour, and faithful to her Trust.  
*Truth*, eldest Daughter of the Deity ;  
*Truth*, of his Council, when he made the Worlds,  
 Nor less, when he shall judge the Worlds he made ;  
 Tho' silent long, and sleeping ne'er so sound,  
 Smother'd with Errors, and oppress'd with Toys,  
 Like  
 That



That Heaven-commission'd Hour no sooner calls,  
 But from her Cavern in the Soul's Abyfs,  
 Like Him they fable under *Aetna* whelm'd,  
 The Goddess bursts in Thunder, and in Flame;  
 Loudly convinces, and severely pains.  
 Dark *Demons* I discharge, and *Hydra*-stings,  
 The keen Vibrations of bright *Truth* — is Hell:  
 Just Definition! tho' by Schools untaught.  
 Ye Deaf to Truth! peruse this parson'd Page,  
 And trust, for once, a Prophet, and a Priest,  
 "Men may live Fools, but Fools they cannot die."

FINIS.



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A

# PROPOSAL.



ALL our Old Plays, except *Shakspear's*, *Johnson's*, and *Beaumont* and *Fleteber's*, are become exceeding scarce, and extravagantly dear, I propose, if I can procure 200 Subscribers, to select from such of our Old Dramatic Writers, as are of any considerable Repute, about Forty or Fifty Plays, and print them in a handsome Manner, in Pocket Volumes, at so cheap a Rate, that they shall not exceed Sixpence each Play. I shall take only One or Two of the Best from each Author, as a Specimen of their Manner, and to shew the Humour of their Times. There are also many single Plays well worth preserving; such as the *GORBODUC* of Lord *Buckburst*, the *MARRIAGE-NIGHT* of Lord *Faulkland*, and some others.

In making this Collection, I shall not rely on my own Opinion, but consult the most judicious of my Friends, who have promis'd me their best Assistance in this Work. And, that such as are willing to encourage it may not run any Hazard, I desire no Money but upon the Delivery of the Book.

R. DODSLEY.

